

To The Public !

*The bearer having lost his eyesight takes this
method of gaining a livelihood.*

THE BLIND MAN'S CONDITION.

Mid sorrow and sadness,
I'm destined to roam,
Forlorn and forsaken,
I wander alone.
The works of art and nature,
Are hid from my view,
But the pleasures of life,
I must bid them adieu.

I hear the birds sing,
At the gray of the morn,
Singing praises to God,
For the new day is born.
I hope to behold them,
Their plumage so gay,
But, alas ! it's all dark,
For me there is no day.

I feel the soft, gentle breeze,
As it sweeps o'er the field,
Bearing the fragrance
Of the flowers which they yield,
Those sweet odors, how sweet to me,
Those bright gay colors I never
[shall see.

I hear the merry laugh
Of the gay, busy throng,
Friends, sweet friends,
As they hurry along.
While I grope on my way,
Some shelter to find,
O, God ! what an affliction
It is to be blind.

O, God ! I beseech thee,
To bestow on me grace,
To help to support me,
In death's cold embrace,
I long to depart,
Set my captive soul free,
In that spirit land,
Where the blind shall see.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

By
JOHN GARRARD
Author of "The Life of Samuel Johnson"
London: Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1791.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. Johnson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
LONDON
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. Johnson